

RUSSIANS AT MINSTREL SHOW
HEAR AND APPLAUD A SONG
ABOUT PEACE.

Meropovitz and Willenkin Enjoy the Jokes. While Yermoloff Looks Puzzled—Witte Getting Homestead—Doesn't Like Summer Hotel Life—Souvenirs.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H., Aug. 28.—The Secretary and attaché of the Russian Embassy had a look to-night at a "ten-twenty-thirty" minstrel show that hit town on one night only. The Pooch Bah of Portsmouth, who has a hand in two newspapers, the brewery, the hotel, the theater, and a few other things, invited both suits. The Russians accepted, but Komura needs his attaché at the hotel, and when Komura says no he means no.

All the Russians attended except the two envoys and Pokotloff. They modestly refused to sit in a box, and took a row in the orchestra. It was an oldtime minstrel show of the shouting variety. It had a middleman, called a conversationalist on the bills, mouths painted like slices of watermelon, and a jubilee chorus clothed in rough rider uniforms.

The Russians took the entertainment variously. Shipoff, who looks like a Swiss yodler, sat in gloomy contemplation of the stage and never cracked a smile. Gen. Yermoloff looked puzzled and a little alarmed. Korotovitz and Willenkin, on the other hand, laughed uproariously when the conversationalist paid the end man the two dollars he had owed him for ten years, and which the latter never expected to see again. They also applauded when the comic drummer of the ragtime band put his foot through the instrument.

The Pooch Bah of Portsmouth wanted a few local hits. He handed in a list of Russian names to the chief end man, who is a few enough negro, with few suggestions for near little personal remarks. The end man read as far as Pokotloff, Korotovitz and Yermoloff, and handed the list back, saying:

"Not for me, Bas. Ah doan want to sprain mah voice."

However, the end man did fix up something which struck him as neat and appropriate. He arranged some verses to the song entitled "Never," and sang them in the grand old. Here they are:

The Russians and the Japanese are fighting in the East.
They sent the envoys here to try to make peace.
And now the whole blame thing is left for Roosevelt to settle.
Do you think it's going to be a job that's going to test his mettle?

Never, never.
He'll fix it up we will have peace there forever.

At the close of this great poem the Russians realizing that it was up to them, applauded thunderously.

As compared to yesterday, the Wentworth is rather optimistic to-night. Sunday was the very low tide of hope so far. But the postponement of the meeting, which was slated as the final one, the fact that the Elder Statesmen are meeting in Tokio probably for the purpose of framing a new proposal, and the inevitable reaction, have brought our spirits back a little. Then it has been a glorious autumn day. For this is really autumn in New Hampshire, although the leaves have not begun to turn yet.

The air is like that of a day in early October in Pelham Bay Park, a little tangy, but sweet and pleasant. To-night we are going about in overcoats, and the fires are high in the lobbies. Some of the wives who came up with the backstairs conference took the statement that it is a summer hotel too literally. So to-night many a woman in the dimmest of summer clothes, in white canvas shoes and a tulle hat has a fur coat over her shoulders.

Mr. Witte has been seen a great deal about the hotel in the last day or two. They say that he is getting homesick, and that the summer hotel living is not to his taste. To-day a purveyor and importer of Russian goods set up shop in the billiard room. Hearing of it, Mr. Witte came down and spent half an hour inspecting laces and fingered Russian jewels. As he left the room he sighed. The members of the suite bought a good many articles to give as souvenirs to the summer people with whom they have made acquaintance.

This morning Baron Rosen had a hurry call to the telephone. The telephone booth is in a corner of the lobby, back of the new stand, and in a very public place if the door is left open. Whenever Baron has a call to the telephone there is great excitement, for it may be Oyater Bay or it may be the mysterious Baron Kaneko, who is reported in a dozen places every day. Now Rosen, when he stepped into the booth, left the door slightly open. Of course, it wasn't quite fair to listen, but he tempted fate, and, besides, the destiny of nations might hang on that single telephone conversation.

So it happened that many a renowned foreign and domestic correspondent found that he wanted a paper at the newstand. This is what they heard, as they held their breaths:

"Hello, is this New York?"

"Is this 421?"

"Well, where are those cigarettes? Those cigarettes, you know, those cigarettes, those two thousand cigarettes for Baron Rosen. We'll send them right up. We are out of those cigarettes. And hurry. Good-by."

As Baron Rosen passed the group at the newstand he caught their eyes and smiled sweetly.

This has been another great day for photographers. Even the children have the fever. They are passing out little gilt-edged albums to the correspondents, begging them to ask Mr. Witte to write a sentence. They don't ask for Komura's signature or Takahira's, because the Lieutenant-Commander Takahira, the sworn friend and ally of every kid about the hotel, has attended to that for them. The summer girls have bought group photographs of the Russian envoys and suite, and are using every ploy they have to get every name on the pictures.

Yesterday one of the correspondents, bound for an audience with Witte, took the hall of the hotel over in person to ask Mr. Witte for his signature.

"Does the young lady speak French?" Witte asked in that language.

"She does not, Excellency," answered the correspondent.

"Is she your fiancée?" asked Witte.

"No, sir," said the blushing correspondent.

"Well, it shouldn't be your fault if she is not," said Witte, looking the young woman over and chuckling.

Wants Duty Road Oiled.

The Board of Supervisors of Nassau county received yesterday a petition signed by most of the property owners and residents on the mile and a half of country road running between Seaford and Wantagh in the town of Hempstead, asking that the road be oiled. A year ago the portion of the road and sections of other roads in the county were oiled for the purpose of holding automobile races, and there is still no oil on them, which the section mentioned automobile race is so much dust in passing as to be a nuisance.

DEATH NEWS FOR DEAD WOMAN.

Mrs. Johnson Drowned at Sea Gate While Brother-in-Law Is Hurled at Little Rock.

The body of a woman was found about 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon in the water off Balmer's bathing pavilion, Coney Island. Within an hour the woman was recognized as Mrs. June Johnson, 36 years old, a magazine writer, of Little Rock, Ark. Ten minutes after the identification telegram was received by the friends with whom the dead woman had been stopping at Herring's Sea Gate Hotel, in which they were informed that her brother-in-law, Allan Johnson, president of the Exchange National Bank of Little Rock, had died on Saturday.

Mrs. Johnson had been away from her hotel for several days and her friends were of the opinion that she was with relatives in Manhattan. She left Sea Gate on Thursday last, saying that she was going to Manhattan to get a \$200 check cashed and that she might stay a day or two. When the body was found it was clothed only in a bathing suit, which was hired from Henry's bathing pavilion, at the foot of Sheridan's Walk, Coney Island, at noon yesterday.

When first seen, the body was about five hundred feet from the shore, and it was floating several inches under the water. Capt. Tom Riley of Balmer's bathing pavilion live saving corps, thinking that the body was one of the bathers from his establishment and that she was taking long chances by staying under water a great length of time, rowed close to the body, and finally reached over with his oar and pushed it toward the shore. Realizing that the woman was dead, he called to the other lifeguards, and they quickly rowed ashore, where he discovered that the woman was dead.

Mrs. Laura Herring, wife of the proprietor of the Sea Gate Hotel, where the dead woman had been stopping, was finally notified by the police, who had caused her to be opened at the bathing pavilion.

Mrs. Herring said that she was sure that Mrs. Johnson was well and in the best of spirits when she went into the water yesterday noon. She was greatly shocked at the untimely death of her friend and the tragic circumstances of the death of the brother in Arkansas.

Johnson's maiden name was Helen Delgleish and San Francisco was her former home. Her husband, June Johnson, was senior vice president of the Arkansas National Bank and died at Annapolis, Md., Dec. 9, 1898. Allen Johnson, president of the Exchange National Bank of Little Rock, died Saturday night and was buried to-day. His wife is here.

ACCUSED OF ARSON.

Saloonkeeper and His Wife Suspected of Firing Their Store.

Abraham Kaufman, 29 years old, and his wife, Gusie, were arraigned in the District Court yesterday on a charge of arson, the outcome of a fire in their liquor saloon, at 430 Oahorn street, East New York. A deliberate attempt had been made to burn the place.

The Kaufmans were not at home when the fire started. According to Kaufman, he left his home at 11 o'clock on Sunday night for a drive to Coney Island.

It was shortly after 3 o'clock that a neighbor of the Kaufmans, Morris Pooloff, smelled smoke. He saw a blaze in Kaufman's saloon, and his cries were heard by Policemen Harry Marks.

Marks turned his attention to rescuing the families living on the two upper floors of the building, a three story frame structure.

Newspapers saturated with kerosene oil were discovered in three different places on the floor.

Kaufman and his wife denied all knowledge of the blaze, but Magistrate Higgins both held them without bail until to-day, pending an investigation by the fire marshal.

HOLMES GIVES \$10,000 BAIL.

Alleged Cotton Leak Conspirator Surrenders and Is Placed Under Arrest.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 28.—Edwin S. Holmes, Jr., formerly associate statistician of the Agricultural Department, walked into the office of the United States Marshal at 9 o'clock this morning, accompanied by his attorney. He was arrested on a bench warrant issued by the District Supreme Court and was taken before Judge Stafford.

It had been arranged for Holmes to give \$10,000 bail, but when he failed to appear Saturday District Attorney Beach was appointed and to-day demanded \$20,000 bail. The wordy exchanges among the lawyers became so violent that Judge Stafford finally ordered the controversy ended and fixed Holmes's bond at \$10,000, which he gave through a personal friend, W. H. Trousdale.

District Attorney Beach is preparing to turn the affairs of his office over to his successor. His resignation takes effect Thursday and his connection with the case will cease.

Moses Haas, who was arrested by Marshal Henkel on Friday in connection with the cotton leak scandal, did not appear for examination before U. S. Commissioner Hitchcock yesterday morning. Mark Alter, his counsel, gave notice that he would contest every point in the prosecution. Haas's removal for trial to Washington.

The examination was therefore postponed to Sept. 4.

District Attorney Beach has engaged Judge Rockwood of the firm of Rockwood & Salisbury, Saratoga lawyers, and Joel M. Marks and Hugh Gordon Miller of this city, both former associates of the U. S. District Attorney, as associate counsel. He says that he will make the principal fight for Haas and Peckham right here, and thinks he can prevent their removal for trial to Washington.

Haas's counsel will deny the validity of the warrants, the jurisdiction of the Washington court, and attack the indictment on the ground that it does not show an unlawful conspiracy. He is sure neither Peckham nor Haas can be taken to Washington.

A NEW CANAL ENGINEER.

John B. Berry Succeeds Herman Schuster on International Board.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 28.—The Panama Canal Commission to-day announced that John H. Berry, chief engineer of the Union Pacific Railroad, had been appointed as a member of the International Board of Consulting Engineers, which will hold its opening session here next Friday. The vacancy which Mr. Berry will fill was made by the resignation of Herman Schuster.

CHINATOWN ASKS FOR PEACE.

MINOR OF AN APPEAL TO SIR CHENTUNG LIANG-CHENG.

He's Been Asked to Arbitrate Between the Tong, Says a Perturbed and Anxious District, and It May Be That Mock Duck Will Have to Go Back to China.

Chinatown heard last night that Sir Chentung Liang-Cheng, Chinese Minister to this country, would come here to-day to make an effort to stop the Tong killing. It was learned from Washington that the Minister had left the city. The Chinese Legation wouldn't say where he had gone.

A week ago fifty or more merchants of Chinatown drew up a petition to the Minister, asking him to use his influence to end the feud between the On 'ong Tong and the Hep Sing Tong. They set out that their business had been knocked into a cocked hat by the gun fights. White patrons, the petition said, had quit coming to trade there, not caring to take the chance of getting hit by a tong bullet.

The agents of the Six Companies in Chinatown were instrumental in getting the petition drawn up. On Leong asked Sir Chentung to come here to-day to make an effort to stop the Tong killing. He is a part of the general organization of the Six Companies, whose headquarters are in San Francisco, and though the Six Companies has kept out of the feud heretofore, the leaders in San Francisco, it was said, decided to take up the appeal of the merchants and ask Sir Chentung Liang-Cheng to intervene. Many of the big stores in Chinatown are owned by the Six Companies.

The association notified its representatives here, Chu Fong Wing of 8 Mott street, and Lee Qui Hing of 32 Mott street, to enroll the merchants and send their plea to the Minister. A day or two ago Lee Bo Wong, who runs the Joss house in Mott street and is the Solomon of a thousand troubles, the police never hear about, got word, it is said, from the Embassy that the Minister would do all that was possible.

Jim Wang, a leader of the Hep Sing Tong, whose house and joss is at 12 Bowery said last night that the Hep Sing Tong had been informed that Sir Chentung Liang-Cheng would be here to-day in person to bring about peace. That was the reason, said Wang, that there wasn't any gun fight last Sunday night and that Chinatown is quiet just at present.

The minister, Wang heard, would go directly to Mock Duck, leader of Hep Sing, and old Tom Lee, who rules the On Leong Tong from 14 Mott street. Mock Duck and Tom Lee would be asked to arbitrate the troubles which arose out of On Leong Tong hogging the gambling privileges and Hep Sing going to the Parkhurst Society and the police and if arbitration wasn't possible the minister might find a sterner way to end the trouble.

Mock Duck and Tom Lee might find it convenient to return to China, said Wang, if Sir Chentung Liang-Cheng made up his mind that the old home was the best place for them, and no amount of lawyers would do any good. There were ways and ways, said Wang, mysteriously.

The killings of the past year have stirred up the Chinese Government representatives in this country, because the tales have gone all over the country, in some instances greatly exaggerated and distorted. Shah Kai-Fu, Chinese Consul to this city, and Luk Wing, Vice-Consul, went to District Attorney Jerome a week ago to ask him if he couldn't find a way to stop the trouble.

There were more rumors of Tong raids last night. Gin Gum, a secretary of the On Leong Tong, went to the Elizabeth street station early in the evening and told Acting Captain Tracy that Tom Lee had been shot. The five Hep Sing "bulldozers," or assassins, had left Philadelphia for Pennsylvania Railroad, that they were due here at 6 o'clock in the evening, and had planned to go straight to 14 Mott street, to make an end of Tom Lee. Capt. Tracy with three detectives went to the Cortlandt street ferry and waited until 9 o'clock, but no Philadelphia Chinamen showed up.

The Eggers men in Chinatown were warned by the Hep Sing last night that On Leong Tong spies were locating Hep Sing laundries in uptown and had already killed them for death. According to Mock Duck, On Leong Tong spies were going around in a covered wagon, ostensibly as dealers in laundry supplies. Whenever they found a laundry with only one Hep Sing at work they took the address, sized up the place and reported to the On Leong Tong headquarters to sharpen up cleavers.

Two detectives are looking for the covered wagon.

BUBONIC PLAGUE IN PANAMA.

State Department Is Informed of a Fatal Case on the Isthmus.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 28.—A fatal case of bubonic plague in Panama was reported to the State Department to-day. The name of the victim was not sent and the State Department did not appear to be alarmed. Some months ago one died by bubonic plague was reported from the Isthmus.

Movements of Naval Vessels.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 28.—The following movements of naval vessels have been reported:

Monitors Arkansas, Nevada and Florida arrived at Washington. Cruisers Chatanooga, Tacoma and Brooklyn arrived at Boston. Battleship Texas and cruisers Newark, Atlanta and Hartford, monitor Terror and tug Standish arrived at Solomons. Gunboats Uncas and Boxer arrived at Norfolk. Gunboat Cassin sailed from Santo Domingo City for Guantanamo.

Cruiser Denver sailed from Guantanamo for Monte Cristi. Cruiser De Moines sailed from Kingston for Santo Domingo City. Cruiser Wolverine arrived at Shagbogue, N. C. from Guantanamo. Ship Arcturion sailed from New York for Provincetown. Collier Hannibal sailed from Watch Hill for Provincetown. Gunboat Hitt sailed from Newport to search for wreck. Collier Brutus arrived at Hampton Roads. Destroyers Worden, Hopkins, Stewart and Lawrence arrived at Solomons. Cruiser Chicago arrived at Esquimaux. Cruiser Columbia sailed from Newport for New York. Cruiser Galveston arrived at St. Thomas. Collier Marcellus arrived at Alexandria, Va.

Reinspection Shows Wrapper Tobacco Entered as Filler.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 28.—The Treasury Department to-day received a report of the reinspection of the 108 bales of Cuban tobacco recently seized at New York. The reinspection showed that just one-half the shipment had been properly classified as filler tobacco, but that the remainder, fifty-four bales, contained from 15 to 40 per cent of wrapper and should be levied the higher rate of duty. Proceedings will be taken to condemn the tobacco.

Army and Navy Orders.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 28.—Capt. C. Oakes, General Staff, has been ordered to report to Chief of Staff for temporary duty.

Lieutenant-Commander W. S. Hogg has been transferred from the Nevada and ordered home to wait orders.

Lieut. M. E. Reed has been detached from special duty and ordered to the Charleston.

FORGER BROCKWAY PICKED UP.

For Walking in Street—Police Wanted His Picture and Measurements.

William Brockway, the forger, who has an international reputation and has served many years in prison, was arrested in Fulton street, Brooklyn, yesterday afternoon and locked up in the Adams street station, although he protested that he was living "on the level" and was "trying to do the square thing."

Brockway is 43 years old and lives at 325 Jefferson avenue. In 1899 he was sent to prison for a five year term, and at that time it was believed that he would never live to leave prison. But he fooled the police and has been out for over three years.

He has been seen frequently in the streets of Brooklyn but was not disturbed. It was learned recently that there was not a good picture of Brockway in the rogues gallery. The last picture of him was taken twenty years ago and has never been measured by the Bertillon system. The police desired both his measurement and his portrait, so the detectives under Capt. Harkins were told to keep a watch for the noted forger and bring him in.

Detective Sergeants Carroll and Bonner met him yesterday in Fulton street. He entered a solicitor in the Broadway store and looked at the best kind of linen paper. At last he purchased a box and was walking along Fulton street toward 345 street, when the detectives told him he was wanted at Police Headquarters.

Brockway is 6 feet 2 inches tall and very straight, notwithstanding his age. He told the detectives that they had been searching him and that they did not want him to lead a decent life.

"Have you got anything on me?" Brockway asked Capt. Harkins at Police Headquarters.

"No," replied the captain.

"Then why do you persecute me this way?" asked the forger.

"You are on the street too much," was the captain's evasive reply.

"That was never a crime, at least, I never heard that it was," said Brockway.

"You are a third person, and you had better had put up a stiff kick. Then he was measured."

After that Brockway was taken to the Adams street station, where he occupied a cell all afternoon and night. He will be arraigned in the Adams street police court this morning and discharged, as the police accomplished what they wanted.

MAN AND SON DISAPPEAR.

Second Wife and Rest of Family in Orange Haven's Heard of Nightingale in a Week.

ORANGE, Aug. 28.—Taking his fifteen-year-old son Frank with him and saying that he was going to the Orange Memorial Hospital to see his baby, who was sick, Robert Knighton of 46 North Park street, left his home early Sunday morning, Aug. 20, and has not been heard from since. Mr. Knighton, two boys, aged 10 and 6 years, by her husband's previous marriage, and her son, 16 months old, are all left at home, while the baby boy, 5 months old, is still sick in the hospital.

Mr. Knighton, a laborer, was married 45 years old. His first wife, whom he married in Liverpool, died three years ago, and the present Mrs. Knighton, who was Miss Minnie Smith, a third person, turned up in New York the day they left Orange, and Mrs. Knighton since then has heard nothing from them.

YOUNG WIFE A SUICIDE.

Girl of Nineteen Drinks Carbolic Acid—Husband Says He Knows No Reason.

Mrs. Viola Coppinger, 19 years old, committed suicide, a laborer, was sent to Flower Hospital, suffering from numerous bruises. Anthony Winkler, 47 years old, of 222 East Eighty-eighth street, an ironworker, was unable to tell what had caused the accident and said a more thorough examination would have to be made before he could make any report. Kerman, the foreman, refused to talk until he could communicate with his employers.

Frank Morris, 35 years old, of 50 Second street, Brooklyn, a laborer, was sent to Flower Hospital, suffering from numerous bruises. Anthony Winkler, 47 years old, of 222 East Eighty-eighth street, an ironworker, was unable to tell what had caused the accident and said a more thorough examination would have to be made before he could make any report. Kerman, the foreman, refused to talk until he could communicate with his employers.

UMBRELLA IN HIS THROAT.

Mackerly, Who Collided With Man Carrying It, Transfixed by Steel Rod.

PATERSON, Aug. 28.—Leo Mackerly of Walwick, N. J., a commuter on the Erie Railroad, was running for a train last night in the dark when he collided with James Sunday, who was carrying a steel tipped umbrella. The sharp point struck Mr. Mackerly in the mouth, went through his lip, tore part of his tongue away and passed through his neck under the left ear.

Mr. Mackerly dropped to the ground, and while a physician was being called bystanders removed the umbrella, which was wedged firmly between the teeth and a forkman removed it. The forkman, who was in the back of the throat threatened to suffocate the injured man. He was taken to his home.

Dr. Vroom of Ridgewood, who is attending Mr. Mackerly, says the injuries will not prove fatal unless blood poisoning sets in.

PERILS OF THE POST OFFICE.

Workman Knocks Down Boxholder, Who Walked on Newly Set Tiles.

Trouble was caused last evening in the Post Office through the officiousness of a workman. The flooring in the main corridor is being repaved, and as soon as the day's rush is over a gang of workmen get to work setting tiling. The tiles have to be laid in concrete and left until they are firmly set. About 8 o'clock last night a letter box holder went to get his mail. He walked directly between the tiling and a workman remonstrated. The box holder said he had to get his mail, but that did not satisfy the workman, who promptly hit him on the side of his face, knocking him down.

The boxholder, instead of taking matters into his own hands, sought the foreman of the job and got the workman's name. He declined to give his own name, but said that he would write to the Postmaster to-day. He said he had been paying for a letter box for sixteen years and that no one had any right to stop him from getting his mail no matter what work was going on.

SILVER PLATE THAT WEARS.

Wedding Presents

Silver, always an acceptable gift for the bride, will prove to be of lasting value if it bears the trade mark

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Corked or Tin Capped

BALCONY FALLS, BURYING SIX.

WORKMEN CRUSHED IN THE OLD KNICKERBOCKER A. C.

All Dug Out Alive, but One Dies of His Injuries—The Building Was Being Remodeled for Tiffany Studios—Foreman Arrested Pending Investigation.

A part of the second floor balcony of the old Knickerbocker Athletic Club building, at Forty-fifth street and Madison avenue, took a tumble about 4:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon and buried six workmen under the ruins. One of them died of his injuries.

The building is being altered for the Tiffany Studios and was bought at auction about six months ago. T. P. Gallagher & Co. were at work yesterday freighting the balcony, which runs around the second floor, when the northern end of it, a section of iron frame and cement, came down with a crash. James Kerman, 47 years old, of 1849 First avenue, foreman of the job, and five men were under the gallery when it fell.

The men had no time to escape. A cloud of dust shot from the windows and a large hole in the north wall. Men working in other parts of the building rushed to the scene in a panic. Policemen, Conyers of the twenty-third precinct, turned in a call for the reserves from the Grand Central Station and also a fire call, to which Chief Gray and the hook and ladder truck of Battalion 16 responded.

Conyers and the reserves, headed by Sergt. Sullivan, began the work of digging out the imprisoned men. They rescued Kerman. He had nothing more severe than a scalp wound, which was dressed by an ambulance surgeon from Bellevue. He was then placed under arrest to await an investigation by the Fire Department.

Eugene Coyle, 40 years old, of 221 East 106th street, a laborer, was taken out with a badly bruised back. He was able to go home.

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